

PR
4174
B778v

A
A
0
0
0
3
6
5
9
7
2
9



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



THE
VICTORIES OF THE SUTLEJ,

A Prize Poem,

TO WHICH THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S FIRST PRIZE WAS AWARDED AT
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, IN HILARY TERM, 1847.

TOGETHER WITH

THE SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE,

And other Pieces.

By HENRY F. BROOKS, T. C. D.



DUBLIN:

ARTHUR B. KEENE, 6, COLLEGE-GREEN.

LONGMAN & CO., LONDON.

BEILBY, BIRMINGHAM. DEARDEN, NOTTINGHAM.

METCALFE, EAST RETFORD.

1848.

DUBLIN :
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
BY M. H. GILL.

FR
4174
B778

TO THE
REVEREND SAMUEL BUTCHER, A.M.,
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,
WHOSE CLASSICAL RESEARCH,
WHOSE TALENTS AS A PULPIT ORATOR,
AND WHOSE URBANITY,
ENDEAR HIM TO ALL WHO ARE PRIVILEGED TO KNOW HIM,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A MARK OF SINCERE REGARD AND ESTEEM,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE PUPIL,
THE AUTHOR.

853624



SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT. 4
copies.

THE REV. THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

The Right Hon. The Earl Manvers, Thoresby Park,
Notts. 6 copies.

The Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, D. D., Dean of Edinburgh.

The Rev. J. W. Berryman, Carlton in Lindrick, Notts.

The Rev. R. P. Blakeney, Ison Green, near Nottingham.

The Rev. S. Butcher, A. M., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

The Rev. R. P. Clemenger, Nottingham.

The Rev. W. Clementson, A. M., Oxon.

The Rev. G. Coventry, Edinburgh.

The Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, Edinburgh.

The Rev. Charles Eyre, Carlton in Lindrick, Notts.
6 copies.

The Rev. J. W. Ferguson, Edinburgh.

The Rev. W. Green, Hexthorpe, near Doncaster.

The Rev. S. A. Herbert, Sunderland.

The Rev. H. V. Hodge, Middleton, near Tamworth.
2 copies.

The Rev. C. Hodge, Clareborough, near East Retford.

The Rev. J. Holley, Ipstones, near Leek, Staffordshire.

The Rev. J. Peatfield, West Bridgford, near Nottingham.

The Rev. W. R. Sharpe, Dusseldorf, Germany.

The Rev. J. Sneyd, Basford Hall.

The Rev. J. H. Todd, D. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

The Rev. J. Twells, A. M., Perlethorpe, Notts.

The Rev. ———, A. M. 10 copies.

The Rev. E. H. Vernon, Grove, near East Retford.

Akroyd, E., Esq., Denton Park, near Otley. 4 copies.

Akroyd, Mrs. E. 2 copies.

Allen, Mr. W., East Retford, Notts.

Anderson, W., Esq., Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

Askwith, Miss, Pontefract.

Aston, J. A., Esq., B. A., Basford Castle, near Leek.

Aston, J., Esq., The Rudge, near Market Drayton.

- Bagshaw, H., Esq., Lound, Notts.
Baker, Mr. W., Bridge Gate, East Retford.
Barter, J., Esq.
Bigsby, T., Esq., West Retford Hall.
Blakeney, J. E., Esq., B. A., Trinity College, Dublin.

Champney, J. F., Esq., Westwood House, near Beverley. 2 copies.
Cheetham, W., Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.
Compton, Thomas G., Esq., Edinburgh.
Conworth, J., Esq., Jun., Retford.
Cotham, G. T., Esq., York.
Cottam, Mr. T., Retford.
Cottam, Mr. J., Retford.
Crawford, G. A., Esq., Carlingford House, Glasnevin.
Crawford, Miss.
Cunningham, J., Esq., Edinburgh.

Dearden, Mr. W., Carlton-street, Nottingham. 2 copies.
Dixon, James, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

Eaton, R., Esq., The Forest, Nottingham.

Fawcett, E., Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.
Fearby, The Misses, York. 12 copies.
Ffolliot, J. R., Esq., Oldcastle, Meath.
Fisher, Mrs., Amscot House, East Retford.
Firth, E., Esq., Retford.
Flood, W., Esq., Finglas Road.
Flood, F., Esq., Mountpleasant-square.
Fowler, J., Esq., 19, Merrion-square, South.

Hartshorne, The Misses, East Retford.
Henchy, D. C., Esq., H. E. I. C. Service.
Henchy, R. C., Esq., Addiscombe.
Hodgkinson, T., Esq., Jun., East Retford.
Holmes, J., Esq., East Retford.

Kirke, J., Esq., East Retford.

Lawler, —, Esq.
Lindsay, G. H. Esq., Glasnevin House.
Lindsay, Lady Mary.
Linton, Mrs., Retford.

Mee, W., Esq., Retford.
Metcalf, Mr. A., Retford.
M'Jennett, Miss Anna S., 64, Talbot-street.
M'Swiney, S. M., Esq., York-street.
Mitchell, Mr. G., Sackville-street.
Mollen, J., Esq., Gloucester-street.
Moriarty, M. V., Esq., Baltimore.
Moriarty, Mrs.

Nugent, G., Esq., Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

O'Donnell, J., Esq., M. D., Ballyshannon.
O'Donnell, J., Esq., Blackhall-street.

Powell, J., Esq., B. A., Trinity College, Dublin.
Purdon, W. S., Esq., Rathmines.

Ramsden, R., Esq., Carlton in Lindrick, Notts. 4
copies.

Rattray, A., Esq., Edinburgh.

Robertson, Captain, Edinburgh.

Shaw, Robert, Esq., Portlaw, Waterford.

Sherrard, H., Esq., Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

Stevens, J., Esq., Retford.

Sutton, Miss, Brunswick-street.

Taylor, Miss, Brunswick-street.

Thorold, Mrs. M., Carlton in Lindrick, Notts.

Torney, ———, Esq.

Twells, E., Esq., St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

Wagstaff, J., Esq., Bilby, Notts.

Walker, J., Esq., Lound, Notts.

Walker, J., Esq., Mattersea, Notts.

White, F., Esq., Retford.

Wickenden, J. F., Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Wilson, G. H., Esq., Glasnevin.

PREFACE.

THE task of writing a Preface is often experienced by an author to be the most arduous part of his labours, especially if his subject be handled in verse.

He has to descend from his intercourse with the creation of his own imagination, the spirits whom he has called from the vasty deep, and with whose immaterial shapes he may sport at liberty, and set himself down to commune in sober reality with readers of mortal and material mould.

In the present instance the Author will, with permission, curtail the ordinary civilities of thanking his readers for the honour they confer upon him, and proceed at once to offer a few remarks on his production.

The Victories of the Sutlej was originally written at much greater length, but the Author being subsequently informed that with those dimensions its chances were diminished of becoming a Prize Poem, as it now is, it was reduced to its present limits. This may serve to account for its being but a cursory glance at events so iron-tongued and spirit-stirring as the details of the Sikh War.

A few words will be necessary respecting the first Satire, on the Church.

The Author would observe with regard to the first class, whom he designates Puseyites, that he by no means uses this appellation in a *personal* sense, nor does he pretend to define its exact limitation. It has been applied, both as a term of approval and opprobrium, to various shades of creed, from the sincere, zealous, and noble Churchman, to the demi-semi-Romanist. The Author takes it in the sense commonly attaching to it, i. e. as that class who, overlooking the realities of the Christian faith, are disposed to place a greater degree of reliance on ceremonials

than is their due. Not that ceremonies are to be undervalued,—far from it. There is in the present day a rationalizing spirit of Christianity which would limit the Christian faith to the bounds of bare probability and materialism. This compromises the very soul of the Christian religion, and this scepticism is to be placed much lower down in the scale of Christian life and activity than the tendency to dogmatism of the early ages. These Rationalists and Materialists, whatever they may call themselves, are in reality followers of Aristotle and Locke, who receive nothing but what they can deduce from the single source of *experience*, and anything but true followers of the apostolically planted Church of Christ. Christianity demands implicit confidence, child-like trust, deep reverence, the sublimity of hope, and the essence of love. These qualities may be fostered, though not conferred, by the touching solemnities of a well-ordered ceremonial; and in this respect ceremonies are to be cherished as an effectual and properly available means. But make them, instead of the

means and incentives, the channel and cause of salvation and beatification,—they are then decidedly to be censured, and deserve even a higher tone of rebuke than is laid upon them in this Satire.

The Author hopes that, touching the next class, the Evangelical party, he has made a sufficiently accurate distinction between the really sincere and the hypocritical professors, of whom so many are to be found, and whose conduct, both as regards themselves and the mischief they cause, cannot be too severely reprobated.

The two remaining classes speak for themselves.

In conclusion, the Author ventures to hope that his first-born offspring may be looked upon with an encouraging eye, and that its defects and imperfections may frequently have a veil cast over them by the kind indulgence of sympathizing readers.

H. F. B.

191, GREAT BRUNSWICK-STREET,

December, 1847.

CONTENTS.



THE VICTORIES OF THE SUTLEJ,	1
THE SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE,	21
POLAND,	27
FEAR,	42
JOY,	44
PEACE,	46
ECCLESIASTES, III. 21,	48
HEBREWS, XIII. 9,	50
WHAT IS RELIGION?	52
SATIRE I.	54
SATIRE II.	64
ON A SUICIDE,	69
COLD,	70
SEA SONG,	72
ALLA PETRARCA,	74
NOTES,	75

THE
VICTORIES OF THE SUTLEJ.

“Arma ! Arma ! aqui vienen los Ingleses.”

Canto the First.

I.

THE moon had risen radiant and fair,
And shed a light most tranquilly serene,
Diffusing softness o'er the midnight air,
Enlightening nature with her silver sheen.
It smiled upon the sleeping orange bowers,
It played among the tall palmetta groves,
It kissed the incense-breathing myrtle flowers,
It listened to the sighs of turtle-doves.

II.

It peeped through the trellis of Leila's bower,
With the jessamine blossoms entwining,
As if it would ask, in that lonely hour,
Why Leila's heart was pining.

Leila waits for her husband's return,
By the moonbeams' gentle ray ;
She watches the star-lit cressets burn,
But her thoughts are far away.

III.

Her long raven tresses were loose to the breeze,
And her dark, piercing eye spoke a mind ill at ease.
Sadly she pondered—anon she sighed—
“ Why lingers he thus from his lonely bride?
Be my curse on the British, whose bayonets bright
Have banished my heart's blood from my sight :
Be my curse on the Rânee, whose haughty pride
Has summoned my Abdoul from my side.

IV.

“ But, hark ! what footfall strikes upon mine ear?
That mighty tread is full familiar here.
Or is it that my anxious ear deceives,
And fancies what my fluttering heart believes?
I surely heard the rustling fig leaves part,
Ah, see—he comes ! But what forebodes my heart?
How sad, how lowering is his manly brow !
What ill impending shall afflict me now ?”

With flashing eyes that gleamed with sullen ire,
With lips compressed, revealing inward fire,
With darkly shaded and portentous brow,
With dignity that made inferiors bow,
With lion-heart, unused to bend or fawn,
A chief, a warrior, a hero born,
An Indian, a Sikh, in short—a Man!
In stepped—his Leila's glory—Abdoul Khan.

v.

His Leila's form he fondly pressed,
Suffered himself to be caressed,
And still his long-drawn sighs betrayed
Some mighty grief his soul enchaining,
Refused to have its smart allayed,
Its nature or its cause explaining.
But Leila must this sorrow know,
And set herself, with all her woman's art,
To make the pent-up torrent flow,
And all his pain beguile him to impart.

'Twas thus at length the mourning chief revealed
The dread disasters of the fatal field.

Canto the Second.



I.

“ I SAW the sun so brightly shining
O'er the blue Indus' wave,
But ere 'twas on that wave reclining
How many found a grave!
I saw on Moodkee's plains advancing
The stern, invading foe;
By twilight dim their swords were glancing
In grim, imposing show.
Where is the Punjab's ancient glory,
Her splendour and her pride?
'Tis now a tale of olden story,
Departed like the tide.
Her palmy days of freedom over,
To British lords she bows,
Whose blood-stained sway, enthralling ever,
No free-drawn breath allows.

Was India made for British power
To boast her conquered plains?
Must India, like a minion, cower,
And tamely wear her chains?
Alas, this last, this bitter trial,
I fear will be suppressed;
Lahore's brave sons, without denial,
Must crouch with all the rest.

II.

“ But to return. We met the British force,
Their infantry, artillery, and horse,
Where thick jhow jungle, scattered all around,
Made us superior on our native ground.
Our valiant troops, full thirty thousand strong,
Like their own Sutlej waters, rolled along;
Lal Singh led on this numerous array,
And cheered us all throughout the fatal day.
A death-like silence—then the cannons' boom,
And then the battle's din and tumult rose;
For half an hour beneath the starlight gloom
In murderous strife, we grappled with our foes.
'Mid clouds of dust and clouds of dusky smoke,
Illumined scarcely by the cannons' gleam,

Their cavalry our ample columns broke,
Nor could we e'er the dire mishap redeem.
Like clouds before the sun's ascending beam,
When we gave way they urged us on behind,
As some sere leaf impelled before the wind,
Or some light straw before a swollen stream.
From mount to mount retreating backward still,
From tree to tree, and then from hill to hill,
They bore us in confusion, till the night
In darkness ended this disastrous fight;
And though two chiefs lay prostrate in the vale,
Sir John M'Caskill and Sir Robert Sale,
Unceasing slaughter thinned our fated bands,
And seventeen cannon fell into their hands.

III.

“ The British moved upon Ferozeshah,
Sirdar Tej Singh was our commander there,
And soon they heard our thund'ring cannon roar,
As they, I deem, had seldom heard before;
We swept their ranks with musketry and mines,
And spread destruction thro' their numerous lines.
All that the freeborn, struggling to be free,
Could do, we did, with dauntless chivalry.

Night interposed her sable shroud,
Enveloped all things in a cloud,
And thus upon the field we lay,
Awaiting the approach of day;
Save, when the moon her radiance threw,
And brought the enemy to view,
We made the moonbeam still more bright
With cannon's gleam and bombshell's light.
But let me give these foes their due,
They are both brave and generous too:
I saw their chief, without an arm,
His son upon a litter borne,
Regardless of the loss of limb,
Patrol the camp by moonlight dim,
With kindness soothe the wounded men,
Re-animate the rest again;
And, as I watched, I wished that he
Were but a Sikh commanding me.

IV.

“ At dawn of day the battle was resumed,
With unrelenting and untiring bent,
Our lances gleamed, our guns unanswered boomed,
The ammunition of the foe was spent;

The blood of the slain
Flowed all around,
And dyed the ground
With scarlet stain.

And here was one with gasping breath,
Another agonized in death,
And there another groaning in his pain.
But unappalled their cavalry came on,
Dispersed the Khalsas, tore their standards down,
And gained the field we lately counted won.
Nor yet, however, were their labours o'er,
For ere two hours elapsed Tej Singh arrived
With Ghorepurras from Ferozepore,
And our exhausted energies revived.
But, ah! what fate opposes all our skill?
Our valiant chief, Bohadur Singh, was slain;
To crown disasters with disasters still,
The brave Lal Singh lay wounded on the plain.

v.

“With all our force we crossed the Sutlej then,
To make disposals for a fresh attack,
To meet the foe inspirited again,
Resolved to die, or else to drive them back;

And I departed, Leila, to thee,

To see thee, ere once more the battle rage:

One smile of thine will give new life to me,

Will fix my ardour, all my soul engage."

Canto the Third.



I.

SAY then what conflicts tortured Leila's breast,
What struggling passions all her soul oppress'd.
She feared to see her love depart,
Lest slaughtering hand should snatch away,
In deadly strife of battle fray,
Her hope, her glory, and her stay,
And tear the treasure from her heart.
And yet she knew
His country sought his powerful aid,
Reliance on his valour laid,
And deemed him true.
And Leila had an Indian soul,
Which yielded not to passion's sway,
But strove its yearnings to control,
And his forebodings to allay.

She therefore sought to hide her sorrow,
To nerve him for the coming morrow,
New life, new courage to inspire,
Was all her inmost soul's desire.
Thus she, in accents sad and grave,
Her blessing to her Abdoul gave,—
Her blessing! nay, her parting prayer,
Commending him to heavenly care,
Adjuring that his land and he,
By his exertions, might be free.

II.

“ By Golconda's diamond mines,—
By Umritsur's hallowed shrines,—
By the lotus leaf which lay,
On the first chaotic day,
Brooding on the waters drear,
Over the primeval springs
Of Creation's hidden things,
Bidding land and life appear;
By incarnate Brahma's power,—
Come the day and come the hour,
Come the hour of victory,
When the Sikh shall yet be free;

When Lahore shall raise her head,
Like an offspring of the dead,
From the blood her sons have shed.
While the Sutlej water flows
From the Himalayan snows,—
While the rose of Cashmere blows,—
May an Indian arm be found
To defend our native ground.

III.

“ Abdoul, though it rend my heart
That so quickly we must part,
Yet I would not thee detain,—
Speed thee to the battle plain;
Go, since glory bids thee go,—
Be victorious o’er the foe.”
Her Abdoul then she tenderly embraced,
And all his sad presentiments effaced;
And though she felt she never more might see
That form engraven on her memory,
Yet she restrained her too prophetic fears,
Saw him depart unruffled by her tears,
And kept her apprehensions from his ears.

IV.

With Abdoul now we speed afar,
Revisiting the seat of war,
Near Loodianah, at Baran Hara,
Where Runjoor Singh endeavoured to oppose
In deep emprise the junction of his foes.
But fortune, like a fickle child,
 When courted most
 Is soonest lost,
Nor on his skilful labour smiled;
And, foiled, he bade the trumpet sound recall,
Moved to Budhowal, thence to Aliwal;
Posted his rear upon the Sutlej banks,
With strong entrenchments fortified his flanks,
And thus remained, and kept his forces back,
Calmly awaiting the designed attack;
Till smiling dawn had ushered in
The day which bade their toil begin,
Which bade them draw the sword again,
Inciting men to murder men,
And loosed the war-fiend from his den.

V.

Lo! glistening bayonets advance,
And brightly gleams the hostile lance;

The golden orb of day, with curious eye,
Sees man exhort his fellow-man to die.
There are the British Lancers charging on,
Exhibiting how battle-fields are won;
The Sikhs dispersed, some flying all around,
And some expiring on the gory ground.
Here hand to hand the fight is fiercely raging,
The Aieen troops and 50th foot engaging.
Charge upon charge, and sally after sally,
Destroy the Sikhs as they attempt to rally.
Guns, howitzers, belch forth their horrid flame,
And groans attest their well-directed aim:
Numbers who sought in flight their life to save,
In the dark-flowing river found a grave,
Six thousand Sikhs in death's embraces bound,
Lay mangled corpses on that fatal ground;
And those who 'scaped unscathed the fearful fray
Took nought except their beards and lives away.

Canto the Fourth.



I.

Sobraon now presents itself to view,
Unveils these murderous spectacles anew,
Bedews the earth with streams of blood again,
And strews fresh corpses on the battle plain.
On one hand traverse we the British camp,
Whilst gentle Cynthia lends her silent lamp;
We find them with access of force relieved,
Proud of the triumphs recently achieved,
Fresh from repose, confiding in their arms,
Devoid of care, and free from all alarms.
On th' other hand, the Sikh defences lie,
Impenetrable to th' unpractised eye;
With double batteries ranged semicircular,
With triple line of ramparts perpendicular,
Redoubts, fascines, epaulements inaccessible,
And all that science could account invincible.

But ere we end our weary round,
Ere yet the cock-crow gives us intimation
Of smiling dawn,
We hear the bugle's shrilly sound,
On the still night air borne,
And see the camp astir with preparation.
Ere the ruddy streaks of light
Made the East horizon bright;
Whilst Nature still lay hushed in sleep,
And silence brooded on the deep;
Whilst yet the Sutlej, like a peaceful child,
Lay gently slumb'ring in his grandeur wild;
Ere the birds of gorgeous hue
Trimmed their radiant plumes anew,
Ere the tiger sought his lair,
Or morning breezes fanned the air,—
The troops were formed in field array,
And moved to seek the fatal fray.

II.

Thus man with deadly hate was rife,
But Nature strove to hide his strife;
The glorious sun looked not upon that day
With his seed-quick'ning, heat-engend'ring ray,

Gladness giving
To all living,
But turned his golden face away;
The silvery gliding Sutlej
Mourned the coming woes
Of the land thro' which it flows,
With fertilizing stream;

And such an exhalation did upraise
As cast upon the two contending hosts
A vapour black and dense; in dusky mist
Veiled them completely from each other's view.
'Twas such a mist as might conceal the guilt
Of our first Parents, when to crime they fell
From lofty, lovely innocence; a meet
Image and emblem of that gloomy cloud,—
That cloud which settles dark and dim as night
Over the temple of the thoughts, so bright
And so unsullied once,—the bitter smart,
Which as a scorpion's sting pervades the heart,
When from a calm and lovely peace,
The gift of God's approving grace,
Base passions in the captive soul find room,
And hurl it headlong to a hellish doom.

III.

At length the vapour like a curtain rose,
And shewed each army their advancing foes;
And then again they shrouded lay in smoke.

From the booming cannons' jaws
Flashes in fierce splendour broke,

Without a pause.

And when some well-directed aim
With its fatal missive came,
It seemed to roar, in fearful fun,
To see the mischief it had done.
The thunder of the ordnance
Resounded in the mighty combat,
Reverberated through the Sutlej vale.
There were seen Sikh chiefs
Standing on the very cannon,
Shouting—cheering;

And see the British flag uprises
On the summit of the ramparts;

There is dashing—

Crashing—

Clashing.

And here the Ghoorkhas, with their sabre knives,
Are rushing onward, reckless of their lives;

At every blow
There falls a foe,
Hurried to the shades below.
Thus at the last the Sikh entrenchments gained,
A close and terrible attack remained.

IV.

See the Akalees fiercely are raging in fight,
See them bathing in red blood their scimitars bright,
See them hurl from their finger the murderous ring,
Surpassing in swiftness the proud eagle's wing.
And see——But why extend the mournful tale?
Their manful efforts nothing could avail;
All their defences lost on every side,
Borne down directly by the sweeping tide.
There Hera Singh yields up his parting breath,
The brave Sham Singh devotes himself to death,
And here again Molariach Ally
Advanced, to be discomfited and die.
Yonder, whilst leading on his rallied force,
Is Kisheen Singh seen falling from his horse;
And then——whence comes that purple-flowing stain?
Alas! the valiant Abdoul Khan was slain.
As falls the stately fir tree, so
Our hero bowed him to the blow,

Too brave to save his life in flight,
He sought the thickest of the fight,
There, amid a heap of dead,
Pierced with wounds, he laid his head,
Soon his noble soul was gone,
And Leila was left alone.

v.

An awful rout and slaughter then began,
As to the river the defeated ran;
For, whilst they strove its torrent to repass,
Volleys were poured into the quivering mass.
To add fresh horror to the fearful scene,
Their tents in fierce, high-mounting flames were seen.

Thus British arms and power won the cause,
And all the Punjab bows to British laws.

THE SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

“ Vela dabant læti ; spumas salis ære ruebant.”

A NOBLE barque was crossing o'er the sea,
Fraught with rich stores of spice from Araby;
Swiftly she scudded with a prosperous wind,
And swelling gales rejoiced the master's mind;
Low and aloft the stud sails wide extend,
The creaking booms with crowds of canvas bend;
Swift as an arrow to her course she speeds,
Nor much attention from the helmsman needs.

The decks were swept, and every brace was coiled,
All the spare ropes were in the steerage piled;
The serving-boards and spun-yarn stowed away,
Along the deck the hardy sailors lay.

“ All hands abaft!” the sun-burnt skipper cries:
“ Ay, ay, Sir,” each with ready tongue replies,
To the companion wriggling wends his way,
Anxious to hear what may the skipper say.

“ My lads,” says he, “ ’tis Christmas eve, you know,
So, save the helmsman, all may go below;
I’ll tell the steward double grog to serve,
’Twill cheer your hearts and gladden every nerve.”
Away they roll, delighted with the news,
Each one his quid with novel ardour chews,
And swears the skipper is the smartest hand
He e’er has met with or by sea or land.

And now they hear the steward’s welcome call,
His pompous “ Grog, O!” much desired by all;
With pannikins and pots they waddle aft,
And straight with joy receive the generous draught.
Then down below at once they disappear,
To quaff at ease the master’s bounteous cheer,
Each to his hammock turns, and, lounging there,
Strives in the general glee to take a share.

Th’ exhausted rum at last dispels the joke,
Says Jack, “ What say, suppose we have a smoke.”
“ A good idea,” they cry; the pipes are lit,
Each on their chests in circling order sit,
The clouds of smoke in fragrant rings ascend,
And from the beams in balmy wreaths depend.

“ Now, Jack,” says Bill, “ I vote we have a song,—
’Twill serve the evening’s pleasure to prolong.”

The willing Jack, obedient, clears his throat,
Lays down his pipe, and tries to raise a note;
While through the hold rebounding echoes rang,
Thus the bold tar to listening hearers sang.

Song.

“ O, ’twas a bright balmy morning in May,
When Jack to his lovely Susanna did say:
‘ Once more, my own life, I must plough the salt
 sea,
And part for a while from Old England and thee.

“ ‘ Once more o’er the billowy deep I must cross,
Once more see the far-roaming, bold albatross;
But though in the spice-breathing Ind I may be,
I shall oft heave a sigh for Old England and thee.

“ ‘ And when, at dark midnight, the deck I must
 tread,
And the cold ocean breeze blusters fierce o’er my
 head,
I will dream of your little cot under the tree,
And rove in my thoughts to Old England and thee.

“ ‘ Then adieu, dearest Susey; if ever you fear,
When the wind raises hills on the ocean so drear,
O think that 'tis wafting me over the sea,
Returning rejoiced to Old England and thee.’ ”

The carol ends 'mid universal praise,
His mite of thanks each one with pleasure pays,
Whilst Jack proceeds 'twixt long drawn whiffs to tell
He learn'd the ballad at the Dog and Bell.

The steward now descends, the fun to share,
And brings a pot of grog to pay his fare.
“ Drink, and pass round,” says he, “ but first I beg
Some one will promise just to shake a leg.”
All acquiesce, but greatly we're afraid
Much can't about “ fantastic toes” be said;
Bill scrapes a fiddle, while the rest advance,
And thumping heels proclaim the sailors' dance.

And next the steward one and all invite
Some mighty tale of marvels to recite;
He makes excuse, but soon with grace relents,
And to regale the gaping crowd assents.
All fixed their eyes intent upon the man,
And thus at length the wondrous story ran:

“ From Bristol once to Pernambuco came
A handsome brig, th’ Eliza was her name,
Well rigged, well stored, well manned as craft could
be,

Like some bright bird she bounded o’er the sea.
An ample cargo ready there she found,
Staid but ten days, and she was homeward bound.
As back to Bristol swift she made her way,
At night the skipper in his cabin lay;
The mate, a sullen man, with murderous hand,
Stifled the slumbering chief, and took command,
And coined a story that the skipper died
In a strong fit, while he was by his side.
The crew suspected how the matter stood,
But had no proof to make their notions good.
Arrived at home, the owner straight received
The murderer’s tale, the others disbelieved,
And, to evince he thought the mate was right,
Confirmed his sway, and gave a handsome freight.
And now, when twice six tedious years were told,
And twice six summers in their course had rolled,
Again the ship for Pernambuco sailed,
And the old mate was as the skipper hailed.
In ten short weeks their steps they did retrace.
And soon were passing o’er the very place

Where twelve years back the ancient captain died,
And his cold corse was lowered o'er the side.
All of a sudden here they were becalmed,
The skipper's aspect shewed he was alarmed;
Nine days they lay without a breath of wind,
And yet the crew no hour of rest could find.
They saw strange sights, all in the dead of night,
Strange whispering voices froze them with affright;
They scarce dared speak, except in murmurs low,
And looked like mourners sore oppressed with woe.
On the tenth eve, just when the sun had set,
The night had settled, gloomy, dark, and wet,
A piercing shriek the solemn stillness broke,
And each one from his short-lived slumbers woke;
Abaft they ran to where the skipper lay,
The guilty man—some power—had snatched away!
At once the wind came sighing o'er the sea,
And on the foaming wave the brig did flee."

The steward stopped, his hearers' faces pale
Shewed with what interest they had heard his tale.
Each in his hammock soundly snored at last,
And thus the Sailor's Christmas Eve was passed.

POLAND.

“Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Shewing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.”

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.*, Act IV.

'Twas in the witching hour of night,
 When sprites perform the mystic rite,
 When blithesome elves and frolic fays
 Do chant their jocund roundelays,
 Where fresh the verdant herbage springs
 To form Titania's fairy rings,
 I laid me down where poppies wreathed,
 And sweet somniferous odour breathed.
 Whilst gentle Morpheus o'er me threw
 His mantle of star-spangled blue,

A phantom rose that still remains
Detained in Memory's strongest chains,
Firm riveted on Fancy's sight,
In blood-stain'd colours richly dight.
Where Vistula's argentine wave
Rolls noiselessly along,
Sarmatia's pastures fair to lave,
I saw a murmuring throng,
And straight approached, intent to see
The reason of this company.

Low on the ground, in dismal weeds arrayed,
Sat, in sad sorrowing guise, a mournful maid;
The scalding tears besprent her pallid cheeks,
And all her aspect fierce affliction speaks.
Whilst from her veins the crimson life-blood ran,
A voice from out the gently gliding stream,
A voice more thrilling than of man,
Declared her sorrows, which I deem
Surpassing aught that mind below
Could picture to itself of woe.

I've been a sea-boy in forgotten times,
And roamed afar to Afric's burning climes,

On the resounding billow sank to sleep,
“Rocked in the cradle of the raging deep,”
And out upon the groaning yard have sped,
And raised the anchor from its rocky bed;
But never, when the sullen tempest wailed,
And e’en the stoutest, bravest heart has quailed,
Did shrieking sea-mew’s plaint assail mine ear
With such a thrill of undefined fear,
As when, while silence stilled the curious crowd,
That harrowing Spirit’s voice proclaimed aloud.

The Spirit’s Voice.

Nations! why gaze ye thus on Poland’s shame?
Why come to comfort, come to soothe, with blame?
Interrogate her in determined plan,
And work out her salvation, if you can?
Says England, “Where is thy machinery?”
“Where are thy systems?” chimes in Germany;
“Have you no works of art, like Italy?”
Would you heap up the gold, the blood, the zeal,
Each has expended for the general weal,
Efforts of true, disinterested mould,
And profitable only to the world,

Poland can shew a pyramid would rise
In culminating grandeur to the skies.
Your's! your's! O nations, centred in one pile,
Your sacrifices, your impartial toil,
Would reach, perhaps,—nay, hear me, do not frown,—
Scarce to the knee of infant newly born.
Then come not each of you and say to me,
Poland is pale,—her blood was shed for thee!
Poland is poor,—yes, nations, it is true,
Her reck'ning freely she has given for you.
Then learn this lesson, while poor Poland weeps,—
The more one gives away, the more one keeps;
And yet her vigour may arise in light
To shine a Pole star 'mid the dusky night.

Nothing can perish,—'tis an axiom
That stands out prominently to the world.
The mind of God is ever to create,
Nor loves the creature to annihilate,
(And His decree preserve us unimpaired
From losing individuality,
And personal identity in Him).
If no soul perish, can those mighty things,
The souls of nations, with their history rich

In martyrs, with their vivid genius,
Abounding in heroic sacrifice,
Replete with glorious immortality,
So great, so noble: tell us how can they
Die, and be lost for ever and for aye?
Let one of them a moment be obscured,
The world in sickening languor is immured,
The heart will sicken in those fibrous bonds
Which thrill with nations; that which now responds
Within your heart, in suffering sympathy,
Why this is Poland, this is Italy.

Ask you me now what Poland has achieved,
And why should nations mourn her state bereaved?
Turn to those Austrian walls, and there espy
A fiery rocket soaring to the sky;
It speaks Vienna's swift-approaching doom,
It tells her towers are hastening to the tomb.
See on her walls the warders' wakeful bands,—
See black-robed priests extend their trembling hands.
From shrines and altars orisons ascend,
“Ave Stella Maris” swift assistance lend.
There to soft-pealing diapasons swell,
Sadly the slow-borne supplication fell,
“Kyrie Eleison! Miserere nobis.”

Oh, whence shall help arise?

Shall this our hour of peril ne'er be staid,
Or heaven ordain a miracle to aid,
And send an angel downward from the skies.
Hail to the warrior, gallant and brave—

Mighty to save!

Sobieski! Hero! where art thou now?

He is not where swords are glancing,

He heeds no courser's prancing:

Like an infant on its mother's breast,

Or the stormy ocean sunk to rest,

He sleeps in his peaceful grave below.

Foe to the Turk, no more he shines

The terror of the Moslem lines.

No more, should Austrian eagles call,

Can he appear to disenthral.

Rise, mighty spirit of the dead, arise!

Awake, to lead in glorious enterprise!

What Poland was when thou wert king before,

Can Poland ever be without thee more?

Oh, could the sounding lyre,

With potent string

And stirring numbers,

New life inspire,

Wide backward Death's enchantment fling,

And end his slumbers ;

Could Sobieski breathe again
The ether breathed by living men,
Poland should rise,
Rise from her sad, sad, fallen state,
Rise, till she rose above the great,
And strike her starry crown against the
skies.

And is it then o'er Austria alone
Poland a robe of covering has thrown?
Ah, no! her mercy succoured Israel's race,
When Albion's sons must hide a blushing face.

Poor outcast Israel; weakest of the weak!
What pen can paint,—what tongue thy sufferings
speak!

The curse on thee and on thy children lies,
The curse of Him ye boasted to despise.
No more within the Temple's courts ye bend,
Nor sacrificial offerings attend;
No more upon the golden cherubim
The שכינה shines, effulgence bright of Him,
Who led thy tribes thro' the divided sea,
And walked the silvery waves of Galilee;

Nor is thy Urim and thy Thummim's sheen
On holy Aaron's glittering breastplate seen.

When wide dispersed among the nations round,
Oppressed, and mocked, and trampled to the ground,
Ye thought to find, where Albion's white cliffs rose,
A tower of refuge from your barb'rous foes;
E'en there, where Freedom now asserts her seat,
Was then no refuge for your erring feet;
By people, prince, and clergy, ye were sold,
And bought and trafficked in, like slaves, for gold;
Falsely accused and tortured,—all for gain;
What good Samaritan assuaged your pain?
Butchered, imprisoned, banished at the last,
What hand could draw a curtain o'er the past?
Poland, now suffering and oppressed like you,
Into your cup of sadness solace threw.
'Twas Lithuania's realms received ye then,
And wooed ye back to life and peace again.

Out on thy black, thy base ingratitude,
Thou Austrian race, requiting ill for good;
Oh! 'twas a dark, a foul, atrocious deed,
To crush the friend that saved thee in thy need;

In bitter bonds a people to oppress,
Who stepped between thee and death's bitterness;
Would that the Turk were at thy walls again!
That Kara Mustapha once more were raging on the
plain!

Ah! this were needless, for the time has flown
When the great Gallic warrior trod thee down,
Humbled thy pride, and shook thy lofty crown.
Oh! in that day of thy degraded state,
Had Sobieski glittered at thy gate,
Thy haughty nobles might have dared his power,
And never seen humiliating hour.
Thy broad lands desolate, thine armies slain,
Thy princess wedded to the Corsican,
And thy black eagle trampled on the plain.
And deem not Poland weak,—Poland can boast
As long a list of glorious names as most;
Can shew Jaghellon, Batory, can tell
The Czartoryskis loved her passing well,
Clear-headed statesmen these, Zamoyiski joined,
Furnish a clan of no inferior mind.
Look at her warriors,—Sobieski stands
Not solitary in his country's bands;

That noble patriot, Kosciusko, shines
A stem triumphant 'mid her forest pines;
And though their glories ended with their lives,
Their dauntless spirit in their land survives.

Sometimes the sea heaves gently, as a child
Breathes softly, in its wicker cradle laid,
And its long, shiny undulations roll,
Just like a sea of glittering quicksilver;
And every now and then some flying fish
Leaves the translucent bosom of the wave,
To shoot away, like to a silver dart,
Sped swiftly from his bow whom Homer sung,—
Phœbus Apollo, fair Latona's son,—
Until, exhausted with its airy flight,
It seeks again the bosom of the deep.

And ever and anon a sudden change
Comes over sea and sky, which makes to shrink
The stoutest mariner. The firmament
Darkens, contracts; the sea turns black as ink;
The teeming clouds, descending quick, pervade
The murky arch of heaven with array
Of whirling masses; but no glancing flash,
Nor one refreshing drop, relieves the gloom.

The windows of th' aerial vault are sealed
By Him who said unto the raging storm,
"Peace, be thou still!" and straight it sank to rest.

Then the fierce Spirit of the Hurricane,
In storm and darkness, rushes booming on,
With stunning force and vigour tearing off
The snowy scalps of Ocean's tortured waves,
And crushing down, with sheer tremendous power,
Beneath his all-subduing chariot wheels,
The dashing, howling ridges of the deep,
Into one level plain of foaming sea.

Thus those proud powers, beneath whose subtle wiles
Poor Poland groans in piteous misery,
Though now they bask beneath the sunny smiles
Of Fortune in her sportive revelry,
And rear a proud, unblushing front on high,
And blazon forth their guilt without remorse,
Shall meet the hour, that even now is nigh
To burst upon them with appalling force.
Oh! there's a cup of woe
Which guilty nations all must know.
See! th' avenging Azrael stands,
Jehovah's thunders in his hands;

Then Poland's wrongs must meet their due,
Be expiated with the world to view.

Thus spake the Spirit of the Stream,
And with these words dissolved my dream;
Nor yet did waking scenes expel
From out my mind this wondrous spell;
And, as I pondered on the sight
My wond'ring fancy saw that night,
Should nations ponder, and devise
Some remedy, ere Poland dies.
But would the Muse impartial view the scene,
And to no side with doubtful candour lean,
She must recount, in numbering Poland's woes,
How partly these from Poland's faults arose.

'Twas Discord's hateful sway
That shook her power,
And left her a defenceless prey
To those who, in her fatal hour,
Seized on her ancient realms, and swept them all
away.

O Anarchy, thou desolating power,
Sapping the very vitals of a state,

And, as some proud but undermined tower,
 Making its own foundations cause its fate,—
Thou fliest like some wintry biting wind,
 Congealing men's hearts into solid ice,
Where no humanity remains behind,—
 Enthralled, diseased, ay, petrified, by vice.
And thou, the spring and flow of civil strife,
 Involvest brothers in thy hellish broils;
And when thy plots and stratagems are rife,
 Encirclest all within thy deadly coils;
And, having snared and crushed and torn thy prey,
 Thou laugh'st to see the mangled carcase lie;
Then spread'st thy scaly wings, and soar'st away,
 To seek fresh victims 'neath another sky.

In the glitt'ring seas of the western main,
 Where the southern Cross the sailor sees
Usurping the place of the northern Wain;
 Where the spice groves sweetly surcharge the
 breeze;
Where "the vexed Bermoothes" frown among
Cærulean isles, a resplendent throng;
Where the glorious planet Venus gleams
With all her most enchanting beams,

'Mid stars so bright,
On a lovely night,
In countless crowds;
Where the blue sheet lightning ever glances,
And with noiseless footstep quickly dances
Over the wave,
Where the moonbeams lave,
After tipping the snowy Magellan clouds;
They say e'en there,
Where all is fair,
And Nature smiles 'neath a sunny sky,
And only man seems to fade and die,
There is a bird of vulture aspect seen,
The Gallinaso, filthy and obscene,
That feeds on the putrid remains of the dead,
And will scoop them from out of their narrow bed;
It can scent its ill-savoured food from far,
And away it will sail, as to some bright star,
And return, when its odious meal is done,
To croak and to scream at the setting sun,
As if it would say, "Ere thou leave the sea,
May another carcase be ready for me."

This is a tale to make one's blood run chill,
And curdle even at the fountain's head;

But there are fiends more foul and fearful still,
By Anarchy in murd'rous phalanx led.

Art thou too sad, Hibernia?—do we see
Another Poland bleed again in thee?
Do men name thee and Poland in one breath,
And cite ye both as images of death?

The daughter of Erin is bitterly weeping,
For on her are famine and pestilence creeping;
The smoke ascends from the mud shebeen, as it did
in days of yore,
But mingling in sad concert with a sigh;
And the hill tells the lough, “I look on nought but
misery,”

And verdant valleys plunged in sorrow sore.
She seeth her sons depart to shun calamity,
Forsaking the green hills which gave them birth,
Forsaking the much-loved turf-lighted hearth,
In new found fairy lands to court prosperity.
Ah! had she learn'd the lesson Poland taught,
Had Poland seen her errors ere too late,
The cup of each had been with blessing fraught,
Erin and *Poland* had been free and great!

F E A R.



THERE is a fear, a fear of pain,
 A fear of mortal woe,—
 A dread of that appalling chain
 Which fetters man below,
 Which our sad fall has made the lot
 Of hoary age and childhood's cot.

There is a fear, a deadly fear,
 Of Death's approaching tread;
 But it may not in those appear
 For whom Christ's blood was shed;
 To such his sting is snatched away,
 He leads them to eternal day.

There is a fear, an awful fear,
 The fear of a guilty heart;
 'Tis far more sick'ning than the fear
 Of Death's destroying dart;

Its victim shudders if he sees
But a leaf quivering in the breeze.

There is a fear, a filial fear,
The fear of God on high,
Which makes the pardoned soul draw near,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
The sinner sings redeeming love,
And soars to sinless seats above.

J O Y .



Joy comes of heavenly birth,
Sent from above,
No son of grovelling earth,
But sprung from love.
'Twill sweeten care,—
'Mid social scenes delighted rove,
And leave its choicest fragrance there.

'Round childhood's silken locks
'Twill blessings shed,
Nor hoary hairs it mocks,
Nor manly head,
Nor passes by
The fair, but follows in her tread,
And revels in her bright blue eye.

Joy lies in sunny flowers;
The cowslip's bell,

Or rose bedewed by showers,
 Compose its cell;
It seems to say
 No tale of guilt these buds can tell,
Here lies Creation's loveliest ray.

Joy can adorn a smile,
 Or gild a tear,
Bask with the bridal file,
 Or funeral bier;
'Twill chiefest shine
 Where saints and angels joined appear,
And laud th' Omnipotence divine.

P E A C E.

PEACE is that calm repose

Which Heaven alone can give;
It soothes the troubled mortal's woes,
Calms the lamenting bosom's throes,
And bids the dying live.

Peace as a phantom flies

The conscience-tortured breast,
Its healing power to such denies,—
It seeks the contrite heart's disguise,
'Tis there it loves to rest.

Perchance it breathes awhile

Around the moonlit shade,
Or brightens with its placid smile
The new-born babe, devoid of guile,
Nor yet by sin betrayed.

But when, as on a 'whelming flood,
This world's vain pomp has flown ;
For those redeemed by Jesus' blood,
A peace the world ne'er understood
Remains around the throne.

ECCLESIASTES, III. 21.

“ Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward ? ”

COME back! come back! thou art fleeting far
 To thy distant home in some lucid star;
 Shrouded in spirit thou seekest now
 Slumber, to rest thee from things below.

Come back! come back! thou hast left us all
 Sorrowing sad on this earthly ball,
 The moist tear is dimming each brilliant eye,
 Which would sparkle in splendour if thou wert but
 nigh.

Come back! come back! whither, roaming high,
 Dost thou thy presence to us deny?
 Love's best affections and love's sweet sighs
 Summon thee down from those crystal skies.

Come back! come back! But thou heedest not;
Is it that now we are all forgot?
No; I have sped, as a pioneer,
To shew you the way to yon shining sphere.

Stay on! stay on! we shall soar to thee,
Visit each planet in company;
Parting on earth amid care and pain,
Joyfully soon we shall meet again.

HEBREWS, XIII. 9.

“ Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

“ WHILST we walk this vale of tears,
 Chequer'd o'er with cares and fears,”
 Let us trust in Jesu's name—
 Jesus ever is the same.

Does a sense of sin oppress,
 Innate vileness we confess?
 Jesus to remove it came,—
 Jesus ever is the same.

Are we called to bear the cross,
 Earthly gain to reckon loss?
 Let us glad endure the shame,—
 Jesus ever is the same.

Does the grave seem dark and drear,
 Death in all his dread appear?
 Jesus can his prey reclaim,—
 Jesus ever is the same.

Soon the solemn trump shall sound,
 Soon the body quit the ground,
 Saints redeemed shall loud proclaim,
 Jesus ever is the same.

Cease, then, every sad complaint,
 Jesus can uphold the faint:
 Let us trust in Jesu's name,—
 Jesus ever is the same.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

WHAT is Religion? Come, thou grovelling, say,
 Depict the high belief thou dost profess,
 Unfold thy credence in a brighter day,
 And say shalt thou be greater or be less.

What is Religion? Say, thou mortal elf,
 Is it to view night's visions in the light,—
 Is it to wrap thyself within thyself,—

Debase thy nature, and that nature fight?
 Some think Religion is high-sounding words,
 Seductive speech which little sense affords;
 Some dream it lays in mortifying sense,
 Fasting on Friday, paying Peter's pence.
 By some Religion is an actress made,
 To change with scene in Proteus form arrayed,
 Fair fashioned, like some gay kaleidoscope,
 To suit their faith, and shuffle to their hope.
 Some think it is a post-boy, paid to trot
 Or fast or slow, to suit the saint or sot;

Whilst some account it a dull, creeping snail,
Which, though they lag, they can o’ertake at will.
Some think it lurks in black, worm-eaten books,
Some think it lies in black, appalling looks,
And wear a phiz, according to their creed,
Which, seen by moonlight, might appal the dead.
What is Religion? Tell us, earth-born wretch,
Brighten thy mind, and give thy soul a stretch.
Now hear his answer: “ ’Tis a thing, you see,
Meant for the many, but not meant for me.”
Young men approve of old ones at their prayers,
But think Religion don’t concern their heirs.
Old men tell young ones, with a raven croak,
Death may arrest them with a sudden stroke,—
Advise them straight to make their peace with God,
And tread the path themselves have never trod.
Some like Religion for its loaves and fishes,
Swallow it whole just when it suits their wishes;
Like greedy children, who pick out the plum,
But of the rest touch neither crust nor crumb.
The fact is, friends, to set your minds at ease,
I will define it for you, if you please,
Religion is—a blessing, which I wot
You can’t explain, because you hav’n’t got.

S A T I R E S .



SATIRE I.

“ ——— ignotas cogor inire vias.”

ON State enough by various hands is writ,
 And politics, a ceaseless source of wit,
 Are by our papers day and night disputed;
 But now by us the question must be mooted,
 Whether to have one Church, one Faith, one Creed
 We, as a body, are at all agreed?
 And first enumerate, obedient Muse,
 The varied throngs that weekly fill our pews.
 Say, are they all sincere, and can they give
 A faithful reason by what rule they live?
 Scan every deed and every word, and say
 Are all their actions open as the day;
 Are they all aiming, as they all profess,
 To follow Christ and love his righteousness?
 Is love to God their grand attainment made,
 Does love to man their every thought pervade,—

Are they at one, and do they all unite
To hear the Gospel and to spread its light?

Unite, you say, and *are they all at one*,
You cannot be in earnest, but in fun!
When Churchmen are at one we hope to see
Both cat and dog and day and night agree.
Into four parts our Church is separated,
Each by the other is most nobly hated,
Each would deny salvation to the other,
Yet all profess the Church to be their mother.
Poor Church! alas, her days are almost pass'd!
They well may say the Church is breaking fast!
The only wonder is, amid the schisms
By which she's split into so many *isms*,
She isn't actually killed outright,
Borne to the wall amid the general fight.

But let us these four tribes in order name,
And give a short description of the same:
Well! first we think we must place Puseyites;
Next Evangelicals, once called New Lights;
The third class springs from the old Dry Bone school;
The fourth do not conform to any rule,

But talk great things about the Gospel's freedom,
And choose with Lot to go and live in Sodom.

Aside! Here comes the solemn Puseyite,
Veiled in a cloud of dim, religious light;
The Holy Spirit's grand illuminations,
He thinks, are nought without his decorations,
Nor dreams of making Jesus Christ his head,
Except in painted panes of blue and red.
Ask for his creed? Alas! It's in the lurch,
All vanished, save—the Apostolic Church;
Then do his *priests* fill Simon Peter's chariot,
Oh! no, not his, but that of St. Iscariot;
And 'tis from *him* they have (now, what's the ex-
pression)
Their—Apostolic (ah! that's it) Succession.
'Tis not from Father Paul or John or James
Our modern Puseyites deduce their claims;
These did'nt bow sufficient at their prayers,
Nor after service loll in easy chairs;
St. Paul washed new-born souls in ample rivers,
Nor sprinkled new-born babes for mock believers;
St. Paul to Scripture gives the prime position,
The Puseyite says Church and her tradition.

We are not told St. Peter preached Christ's blood,
Attired in surplice, cassock, gown, or hood;
The thought of this would make our heroes shiver,
They would not count St. John a true believer,
But say, that if in Heaven he finds a place,
It is by God's—uncovenanted grace !

Uncovenanted grace ! Now, what's amiss ?
Our Evangelical starts up at this.
This class are really doctrinally sound ;
It is through them the Church can keep her ground,
And, therefore, like most people of great use,
They always meet with very great abuse.
Does the good Vicar go to see the poor,
As was our Saviour's practice to be sure,
'Twere better, say his *friends*, with solemn face,
Instead of gadding that way round the place,
And wasting time in such a needless search,
To give us daily service in the Church.
Suppose he does, they tell him very quick,
'Tis really shocking to neglect the sick ;
Wherefore, to shew their just disapprobation,
The clerk and beadle form his congregation.
His sermons next are duly criticised :
First Mrs. Smith observes, she's much surprised,

But really she must term his last oration
By no means sound on Jesus' Mediation.
Then Mr. Dobbs remarks,—he's much too high,
He thinks his doctrine verged on Popery.
Next Sunday he's unfortunately low,—
They'd just as well, they think, to chapel go ;
So altogether their conclusion is,
He's not the man for such a place as this.
Yet so it is, this good man's rectitude
Is oft mixed up with this mixed multitude,
Wherefore, to make a fair discrimination,
Of this mixed class we'll give an explanation.
They can talk well, when they can have their say ;
They can work well, when they can have their way ;
To aid a Church at home they will refuse,
Yet spend a pound o'er unconverted Jews.
With princely pride these people millions gave
To liberate th' oppressed Jamaican slave,
To balance this, confine in Mammon's cages
Our helpless poor, and hoard their hard-earned wages.
And here the ladies too must have their share :
They can work wonders for a fancy fair,
Hem handkerchiefs, dress dolls, knit babies' shoes,
To save a dozen of remote Hindoos ;

Tell them of sisters dying day by day,
To deck the dress in which they look so gay;
Shew them their pallid faces, cheerless gloom,
Point out their sad, but sure, consumptive doom;
The answer is,—Indeed we don't intend it,
But do not think our influence can mend it.
True charity, we know, begins at home,
Nor needs for proper objects far to roam;
Besides, we call it *theft* to give away
The wherewithal our honest debts to pay,
And say,—Don't lavish on the Indian slave
The money our own English poor should have.

The Multitudinous his neighbour loves,
His every fault with kind concern reproves,
And though to infringe the ninth command would
fear,
Can oft with grace a spice of scandal hear:
How Mrs. A. has acted very ill,
And Mr. B. has left an unjust will;
They tell you oft how very vexed they feel,
Descant upon the business with great zeal,
And then conclude,—“For his poor children's sake
I hope to hear the matter's a mistake;

But, poor dear man, he was so *very* queer,
I fear its truth, I solemnly declare.”
Such scandal first in whispers steals along,
A hundred voices soon repeat the song,
At last it spreads, as sure, as far, as wide,
As if it had with herald’s voice been cried.
Tell them they steal; with one accord they cry,—
“I steal! Now, pray, don’t propagate a lie.”
They do not steal their neighbour’s goods, we own,
These they will leave religiously alone,
And yet they see no theft, no sin, no shame,
In foully robbing him of his fair fame.
Ah, well! we pass them, pointing to the word
Of our all-loving, omnipresent Lord;
He his disciples strict commandment gave
They e’er should love to one another have.

Hail, Dry Bone, hail! No new-born sect we see,
No beardless babe just brought to light, in thee;
Thine ancient garb and furrowed forms proclaim
Thine is no new-coined, fresh-invented name:
In Juda’s realms was thy paternal home,
Thy fathers knelt beneath the Temple’s dome,
Or trod the margin of the silvery sea
That laves the lands of far-famed Galilee.

The Muse confesses that in every view
Each ordinance is well observed by you :
With fasts you expiate each sinful wish,
And live in Lent on nothing but salt fish ;
On Sabbath eves you con a chapter o'er,
O'er the appointed sermon sleep once more ;
And at collections you are always willing
To drop into the plate (a pound?) a shilling.
On Saturdays you careful leave the play
When midnight ushers in the Sabbath day,
Then hurry home, and, perhaps, before you rest,
Pray that the opening Sabbath may be bless'd.

Oh! for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, heaven, and hell, and e'en the Dry Bone,
shake;
Shake all his forms and fastings out of sight,
And drive him from his fashions in affright ;
Lead him to seek and love the Lord of Life,
And ardent join the saints' celestial strife.

What boots it this to wish? There comes a day
When earth and sea and sky shall melt away ;
What then shall feasts or fasts or forms avail?
They then, alas! most signally must fail.

This shall abase the prayer-proud Pharisee,
Who boasts, "The temple of the Lord are we;"
'Tis then by sad experience he must know
Religion loves to weep another's woe,
Succour to widows, help to orphans, give,
And teach unspotted from the world to live:
This is Religion honoured from above,
Such piety the heavenly powers approve.

The fourth class now our brief attention claims,
Which boasts a most imposing list of names.
Its numerous ranks include a varied race,
Who in no other walls can find a place;
They scorn the scoffs that Infidels receive,
Despise Rome's childish legends to believe;
Reject Dissent, because they think it low,
'Tis to the Church that folks of fashion go.
Father themselves forthwith upon the Church,
And so preclude a farther tedious search.
Ah! mighty credit to the Church they get,
Through them she has her sorest trials met.
To Church their bodies painted chariots bring,—
Where are their souls? That's quite another thing:
'Tis in the counting-house, the field, the fair,—
There are their souls and their affections there.

A part of these from pious parents came,
And fear t' upbraid their predecessors' name,
So praise their parents in a serious strain,—
“Such deep devotion few may hope to gain.”
Good, master! good! but where's the excuse why
you

Should not attempt to live among that few.
Then if the sermon keep them half an hour
They think the zealous preacher but a bore;
They get most good, they say, from short orations,
Swallow the Gospel best with alterations:
For these are glorious independent days,—
Yes! independent of old Gospel ways,
Of faith almost, of Christian friendship quite,
Of fearless truth, and rigid rules of right.
And, though they start when trembling Conscience
calls,
And stern Conviction with his grasp appals,
Soon rush into the world, and, revelling there,
Lose in its gorgeous follies all their care.

Reader! do you these various errors blame?
Go, then, and studious strive to shun the same.

S A T I R E I I .

“Quoties ad mensam parasitus venerit infans.”

ONCE more, my Muse, thine aid I would implore,
A task is mine more dangerous than before:
A mother's follies we would now reprove,
Yet almost pardon for a mother's love.
Yes! we must arm ourselves in triple brass,
To shew these failings in our magic glass,
And while this drear, unhallowed path we tread,
The mother's murmurs hovering o'er our head,
Be this our solace—that our end is kind,
To plant more prudence in the mother's mind.

A mother's love,—and in it are combined
The various hopes and joys of womankind,
Hopes but too oft deceived, joys often lost
In anxious cares, requited ill at most.
Say who can paint the youthful mother's pride,
Her first-born babe soft lisping by her side?

Say who can feel the fervour of that prayer,
Which bears to heaven the object of her care?
Say, ye stern moralists, who loudly tell
That human nature takes its rise in hell,
Call man's best feelings earthly, whilst your own,
Thank God, you say, are unalloyed alone;
Tell me, do ye such pure petitions send,—
From your own bosoms do such prayers ascend?
Oh, no!—away with all your smooth replies,
Confess these spring at least from Paradise.

Ye gentle mothers, we would fain aver
One trifling point in which we think you err,
And, whilst we praise the virtues of your mind,
Would shew one light in which we think them
blind.

Heaven's blessings on your fond maternal pride,
Which, if a fault, yet leans to virtue's side;
We love your kindness, which is loth to see
An error which to us is plain as day,—
Which doats upon the objects of your care,
Deems e'en their follies wise, their failings fair:
Yet, while you praise them, and their faults deny,
Think not that others see them with your eye.

But what we mean the better to explain,
We'll introduce you to a little scene.

"Mary, my dear," one day says Mrs. Hall,
"I think we ought on Mrs. Watts to call;
And yet to go I really am afraid,
Last time we went what tricks those children played!"
"Oh! never mind, mamma, we'd better go,
Perhaps the children won't come down, you know."
With *mauvaise* grace mamma consents at last,
Orders the carriage, and the matter passed.

The morning ended, as the clock struck four,
They both alight at Mrs. Watts's door.
The footman rings,—“Is Mrs. Watts within?”
“Yes, Mem; this way.” They thus to chat begin:
“What charming weather for the time of year!”
“Oh, yes! one can't think winter 'll soon be here.”
“I'm told Miss Smith this season will come out;
And, pray, were you at Mrs. Jackson's rout?”
“I was, but it was in such vulgar style,
I really wished myself at home the while.”
An awful pause. The mistress rings the bell
For cake and wine, and bids the servant tell
The nursery maid to bring the children down,
For Mrs. Hall to see how much they're grown.

An awful din and clatter on the stairs,
And then the children tumble in in pairs;
The nurse-maid brings the baby, and is told
'Tis a fine child. "And only ten months old!
Oh! what a little, interesting duck!
Dear Mrs. Watts, I envy you your luck!
Angelic eyes! My darling, come to me,—
So like his father, e'en a mole might see."

The little duck, upon her lap installed,
And rather frightened, rather loudly squalled.
"Sweet little cherub!—may he have some cake?
You see what notice he begins to take,—
He soon found out it wasn't his mamma;
See, darling! cakey! Now, then, say 'ta-ta.'"
The other children pull Miss Hall about,
Crumple her collar, twirl her ringlets out;
And, while she's longing just to box their ears,
She tells mamma, "They're precious little dears."

Meanwhile the cherub who devoured the cake,
Hoping release, or purely by mistake,
Or thinking cake not quite so good as pap,
Ejects the whole,—ay, right into her lap.

Poor Mrs. Watts expresses deep regret.

“ Oh! don’t distress yourself, poor little pet;

He couldn’t help it; it was my mistake

In giving him that bit of currant-cake.”

At last they take their leave, and in the chaise

Loud indignation takes the place of praise:

“ What odious children!—what a little fright!

I’m sure he’s spoil’d my satin dress outright.”

While Mrs. Hall regrets they’d ever come,

Poor Mary wishes they had stayed at home.

Now, ye fond mothers, this we would impress,

And in pure kindness, not in blame, address:

Love your dear children as a mother can,

And, as the baby ripens into man,

May every wish affection prompts obtain

The joy oft hoped in many an hour of pain;

But, as you love them, do not seek to lay

Their little follies open to display;

And be not quite so ready to believe

That, what you can, another can forgive.

ON A SUICIDE.



UNBIDDEN he rushed to his Maker's face,
And his hands were defiled with blood;
His own life's blood to condemn him came,
And his fierce accuser stood.

The eyes that have seen him shall see him no more,
No more shall his name be heard;
Or, if ever breathed, 'twill oppress the ear
As a sad, unwelcome word.

Ah, well may they weep him! No tongue can say
It trusts that he rests in peace,
For sin unforgiven torments him now
With a curse that can never cease.

May the God of all grace send His Spirit down
As on Pentecost's feast it fell,
To teach the sad heart that laments its loss,
That "He hath done all things well."

C O L D.



COLD is the wind as it blusters forth,
Howling and drear, from the snowy North;
Cold is the wave of the Frozen Sea,
And the world is cold, as it seems to me.

The grave is cold as it closes o'er
One who has lived in our hearts before,
Who used our breasts with a glow to fill,
And has left us a blank, nay, an icy chill.

The stream runs cold as it hurries on
The fair, frail form of some erring one,
Who has learn'd, poor thing, that Humanity's cold,
And heeds not her sorrows so often told.

The breast as fair as the driven snow
Is often, alas! just as icy too;
And a smile will a coldness oft impart,
If it spring not in vigour from the heart.

Men are wont too to say, that stone is cold,
They might there, if they would, their own mirror
 behold,

For the hardest and coldest grave-yard stone
Is nought to what often their bosoms own.

And what is the coldest thing I'd know,
Colder than frosty wind or snow?
Hast thou set thy affections above, 'twill be
When the eye of God shall look cold on thee.

SEA SONG.



WE love the blue breast of the gentle deep,
 Where the sea birds scream, where the breezes sleep;
 We smile at the porpoise's fitful leap,
 And carol our Yo! heave oh!

When the sun just tinges the snow-white spray,
 When his infant beams 'mid the surges play,
 Promising fair for a balmy day,
 We troll out our Yo! heave oh!

And anon over stormy depths we cross,
 When the angry winds the billows toss,
 And nought may be seen save the albatross,
 Still our song is the Yo! heave oh!

If in harbour we lie with our anchors cast,
 Till days are gone and weeks are past,
 Till we wish each wearisome day the last,
 Yet we haul out our Yo! heave oh!

Ay! we doat on our bonny and taut-rigged barque,
We prize it as Noah might have prized his Ark,
May its timbers long echo from daylight to dark,
With our chorus of Yo! heave oh!

ALLA PETRARCA.



THE glorious sun not always gilds
The lonely heaths and green-wood wilds,
Nor always casts his radiant beams
Where the harsh plover fluttering screams;
Not always fresh the roses bloom,
And scent the air with sweet perfume;
Sometimes is shut the pimpernel,
And sometimes mists hang o'er the dell ;—
But Emma's face is always fair—
Always a smile is glistening there.

NOTES.

NOTES.



THE VICTORIES OF THE SUTLEJ

CANTO I.

Stanza 1.

Sheen.

THIS word strictly signifies light broken into points; thus the glittering of drawn swords is properly termed *sheen*.—Cf. Byron's Hebrew Melodies:

“And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea.”

The appearance of moonlight, broken by the shadows of a woodland landscape, may therefore not inaptly be rendered *sheen*. The enumeration of the various *points* occupies the four following lines.

Stanza 2.

Leila.

A name of Persian extraction, and of no small popularity.—Cf. the poem *ماجنون و لیلی* by Nezami.

Stanza 3.

Rânee.

The Queen Mother, through whose intrigues, and those of the Vizier, Gholab Singh, the young Maharajah; Dhuleep Singh, was involved in those hostilities with the British Government, which

terminated in his losing a portion of that empire which Runjeet Singh, "the lion of the Punjab," had acquired, and in the remainder being placed under the strict surveillance of British power.

CANTO II.

Stanza 1.

The blue Indus wave.

Blue is an epithet of oriental origin, as applicable especially to water. Thus the Nile is so called النيل because it is of a blueish colour. This epithet is often intensified: thus in Persian they say *كبود كبود* a blue blue, or a deep blue. In this sense we find in Greek *κράνεος*.—Simon. ix. 3; Eur. I. T. 7. Of deep water, *κυανοειδής*.—Eur. Hel. 179. Of Neptune's hair, *κυανοχαίτης*—Odys. ix. 536; and *κυανοβενθής*, strictly of the sea; then, ludicrously, of a cup.—Aristoph. Fr. 209.

Punjab, so called from پنج *five*, and آب *waters*; these five rivers being the Indus, the Jeylum, the Chenab, the Ravee, and the Sutlej.

Lahore was made the capital of Runjeet Singh at the time that he made himself paramount over the Sikh chieftains. This city was at one period the residence of the Mogul emperors. Its position on the high road from Cabul to Delhi exposed it peculiarly to the ravages of invading armies, and it has been almost ruined by the Affghans before the rise of its present possessors, the Sikhs. Some of its splendid monuments, however, still remain. At Shaddarah, two miles north of the city, the tomb of Jehaan Geer is standing in an enclosed area of 1800 feet square. It measures 330 feet each way, and, though magnificent, cannot be compared with the Taj-mahal at Agra. The tomb of Nur Jehaan Begum, the favourite of Jehaan Geer, better known, perhaps, as Nur Mahal, is somewhat to the south of it, in the open plain. The domes and minarets of the mosques, proclaiming the fallen great-

ness of the Mohammedan empire (for here, as everywhere else in the Punjab, the Mussulmans must offer up their prayers in silence).—the towering walls of the fort and other public buildings,—awaken in the breast of the beholder a feeling of regret for its present fate, and of ardent remembrance of its former glory.

Stanzas 2 and 3.

I am sure I shall be pardoned for introducing here an extract from Sir Robert Peel's speech in the House of Commons, relative to the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah.

“The army of Lahore, not attempting to carry out the attack of Ferozepore, then determined to fight the British forces on their march from Umballa, and on the 18th of December made a sudden attack on them. On that day the troops had reached Moodkee, after having marched 150 miles by forced marches. The men were suffering severely from want of water and from exhaustion, and yet such was their discipline and gallantry that they repelled the whole of the attacking army, though greatly superior to them in number [Hear, hear]; defeating a force treble their amount, and succeeded in the capture of seventeen of their guns. [Cheers.] The army of Lahore, thus repulsed by the division of our forces from Umballa, retired within very formidable intrenchments at Ferozeshah. Those intrenchments, consisting of strong breast-works, were in the form of a parallelogram, of which the opposite faces were a mile and half a mile in length respectively. In the face of these formidable works, protected by 150 guns of excellent workmanship, and defended by 50,000 men, the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief determined to effect a junction with the division of the army which was on its march from Ferozepore. The troops advanced accordingly within three miles of the enemy's position, and manœuvred on their right flank; but the Commander having given previous notice to Sir J. Littler, made a march on the left of their position, and on the 21st December effected a junction with the Ferozepore division, which thus gave them an addition of 7,500 men. [Hear, hear, hear.] At this time there

remained but three hours to sunset. It was resolved, however, to attack the position of the enemy. My gallant friend (the Governor-General) offered his services as second in command [Cheers]—services which were cheerfully and promptly accepted by the Commander-in-Chief. [Cheers.] Determined not to wait till next morning, the instant they effected their junction with Sir J. Littler's division, the Commanders resolved to make an attack upon the enemy in his intrenched camp. [Hear, hear.] The result, Sir, of that attack proved the valour of our Indian forces in a pre-eminent degree, and has entitled them, I believe, to the warmest acknowledgments of this House and of the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe, Sir, that the night of the 21st December was one of the most memorable in the annals of the British empire. [Hear, hear.] The enemy were well defended within strongly fortified battlements, their guns were served with the greatest precision, and told on our advancing columns with great effect. The right of the British army was led by the Commander-in-chief, whilst the left wing was headed by Sir H. Hardinge. [Cheers.] Our forces made an attack on the enemy's camp during the three hours which as yet remained of daylight, but they had not sufficient time to complete that victory, which was gloriously achieved on the following day. The British army, however, made good their attack, and occupied a part of the enemy's camp. In the middle of the night the camp took fire, and further conflict was for a time suspended in consequence; but, as soon as it ceased, the army of Lahore brought forward their heavy artillery, and poured a most destructive fire upon our troops. The details of these occurrences have been given with admirable clearness in the despatches of both commanders; but there have been private letters received, which speak of them with less of formality, and perhaps give truer and more faithful accounts of these actions than the official documents. Perhaps the House will excuse me giving extracts of a private letter from the Governor-General to a member of his own family. [Loud cries of 'hear, hear'.] The Right Honourable Baronet then proceeded to read as follows: 'The night

of the 21st was the most extraordinary in my life. I bivouacked with the men, without food or covering, and our nights are bitter cold. A burning camp in our front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English burrah! the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking very short intervals of rest by lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their temper and revive their spirits.' [Loud cheers.] I really, Sir (continued Sir Robert Peel, considerably affected); I really, Sir, can scarcely go on with the extract. [Loud cheering from both sides.] My gallant friend, as you see, spent that eventful night going from division to division of his army, doing all that human means could do to ensure victory to our arms [Cheers], regardless of fatigue and loss of rest. [Loud cheers.] 'I found,' my gallant friend goes on to say, 'I found myself again with my old friends of the 29th, 31st, 50th, and 9th, all in good heart'—(regiments with which he had served in the Peninsula, and with it that regiment which has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British army,—Her Majesty's 80th Regiment). [Loud cheering.] 'My answer to every man was, that we must fight it out; attack the enemy vigorously at day-break, beat him, or die honourably in the field. [Cheers.] The gallant old general, kind-hearted and heroically brave, entirely coincided with me.' Let the house observe how anxious my gallant friend is to do justice to his companions in arms. [Cheers.] 'During the night I occasionally called on our brave English soldiers to punish the Sikhs when they came too close and were impudent; and when morning broke we went to it in true English style. [Cheers.] Gough was on the right. I placed myself, and dear little Arthur (his son) by my side, in the centre, and about thirty yards in front of the men, to prevent their firing, and we drove the enemy without a halt from one extremity of the camp to the other, capturing thirty or forty guns as we went along, which fired at twenty paces from us, and were served obstinately. The

brave men drew up in an excellent line, and cheered Gough and myself as we rode up the line, the regimental colours lowering to me, as on parade. The mournful part is the heavy loss I have sustained among my officers. I have had ten aides-de-camp *hors du combat*, five killed and five wounded. The fire of grape was very heavy from 100 pieces of cannon. The Sikh army, drilled by French officers, and the men the most warlike in India.' [Loud and long continued cheering.] From my affectionate regard for that gallant man, I am proud to be enabled to exhibit him on such a night as that of the 21st of December going through the camp,—passing from regiment to regiment,—keeping up the spirits of the men,—encouraging them,—animating their ardour after having lost ten aides-de-camp out of twelve [Cheers], and then placing his youngest son, a boy of sixteen years of age [Cheers] in the front of the lines, in order that the British army might not be induced to fire on the enemy, but drive them back by the force of the British bayonet. [Loud cheers.] It was curious and characteristic of the man to read those details. He says that he had two sons present, one of whom was a civilian, and the other in the army. On the night of the 21st he sent the civilian to the rear of the army, saying that his presence disturbed him, and that if he refused to go he would send him there as a prisoner [Cries of hear, hear]; but the presence, he said, of his young son, who was the officer, only made him more desperately resolute in the discharge of his duty. [Loud cheers.] On the 22nd, after the battle was over, he took that son with him, when visiting the Sepoys and the wounded, and he shewed them, he says, a Governor-General of India who had lost his arm, and the son of a Governor-General who had lost his leg, and endeavoured to console them in their sufferings by shewing them that men in the highest rank were exposed to the same casualties as themselves. The pride and satisfaction we must all of us derive from those gallant exploits are, no doubt, greatly counterbalanced by the regret we must have felt for the loss of so many men of the highest distinction and promise. [Hear, hear.] We had, Sir, the misfortune,—the very great misfortune,—of

losing that gallant officer, who on a former occasion so much distinguished himself and gained so much admiration,—I mean Sir Robert Sale. He, Sir, has closed a long career of glory by that death to which, I believe, he himself looked forward,—that death in the field which entitles me to say that he was ‘*felix etiam in opportunitate mortis.*’ [General applause from all parts of the house.] Sir, I do hope that the House will concur with me by the unanimous expression of their feeling on this subject, and that they will shew their regard for the memory of Sir Robert Sale by humbly representing to Her Majesty that she may be pleased to record the regret and gratitude of the country by the erection of a monument to Sir Robert Sale. [Loud cheers from all parts of the house.] We have, Sir, also to deplore the loss of Sir J. M‘Caskill, to whom a brief but touching record is borne in the despatch of the Commander-in-chief [Cheers], as well as one of the most eminent men in the civil and military services of India,—I mean, Major Broadfoot. [Cheers.] In that gentleman the highest confidence was placed by every one who ever came in contact with him. It was said he was the last of three brothers who had died in the service of their country on the field of battle [Cheers], and was present with Sir R. Sale at the siege of Jellalabad.”

CANTO III.

Stanza 2.

Umritsur's hallowed shrines.

Umritsur is the religious capital of the Punjab, as Lahore is the civil.

The lotus leaf.

It is a dogma of the Hindoo mythology that the Deity lay on the chaotic waters in the shape of a lotus flower (cf. Gen. cap. i. v. 3), and thus produced the *ovum mundi*.

While the rose of Cashmere blows.

Cf. Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, in the commencement of the story of *Nourmahal*:

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave," &c.

The rose was at all times a favourite in and around Persia; hence the name in *Vathek*, "*Gulchenrouz*," rather *Gulchenroz*, گلشن روز "light of the rose garden." It is possible, by writing "*Gulchenrouz*," to confound it with *Gulchanrouz*, "the light of the chimney," in Persian.

CANTO IV.

Stanza 2.

The silvery gliding Sutlej, &c.

The reader may be informed, whilst we are talking of rivers that the word لیاجور "river's bank," is the word we are in the habit of using as *lee-shore*, to express the shore the winds blow on. Skinner, not knowing this, derived *lee* from *l'eau*.

Stanza 3.

Hurried to the shades below.

Cf. Homer. *Il. b. i. 3*:

πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν.

Stanza 5.

And all the Punjab bows to British laws.

Not only have the glorious victories of Afghanistan and the *Sutlej* been the means of overawing the nations immediately bordering on the *Sutlej*, they have also carried the terror of the British name into the kingdoms of Persia and Bokhara, among the wild *Türkōmāns* of the desert, and into the kingdoms of *Khokhand* and

Khiva, on the confines of Russia. See the valuable testimony of the Rev. Dr. Wolff on this subject. He says (p. 149, Wolff's Bokhara): "The tone of Persians and Turks has also changed with regard to their estimate of the British and Russian powers. About twenty-four years ago, the Turks spoke of England as a power inferior to that of the Sultan; and the Persians spoke of the Russians as men who would never be able to take Erivān; but now these Mohammedan countries have at last been compelled to acknowledge the superiority of both, Russia as well as England; and it is come so far, that both the Turks as well as the Persians acknowledge that they cannot go to war with each other, "for Russia and England will not allow it." Instead of saying, as formerly, "No power can take Stamboul," the Turks as well as the Persians frequently asked me, "When will the English come and take this country?"

Again, at p. 367, he says: "The Pooloj and the Tūrkomāns say, 'a *Frankee*, an *Englishman*, has trod in the footsteps of Timur;" and the name of that English giant, as the Tūrkomāns call him, is SIR CHARLES NAPIER, *conqueror and governor of Scinde*. As Sir Charles Napier is, in Tūrkestān and Bokhara, compared with Rustam of old, so also have I heard a late minister of Her Majesty, in Turkey and Persia, compared with Malek Shah, the greatest of all Viziers, the opposer of the Assassins,—and this minister is LORD PALMERSTON."

At p. 376: "A dervish relating the deeds of Timur, suddenly broke off, and, turning to me, he said, 'The English people are now Timur, for they are the descendants of Ghenghis Khan. The Ingles will be the conquerors of the world. On my pilgrimage to Mecca I came to Aden, where they keep a strong force, and from whence they may march to Mecca whenever they please, and march towards Mecca they shall.'"

And lastly, at p. 377: "Another came forward. He was from Scinde, and said, 'There is now a governor in Scinde, Lord Napier by name, who is like lightning flame. He has beaten one hundred thousand Pooloj with four hundred men.'"

THE SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Page 21, line 5.

*Stud sails.*A common contraction for studding sails, pronounced *stunsels*.

Page 22, line 2.

So, save the helmsman, all may go below.

Cf. Odyss. ix. 78 :

τὰς δ' ἄνεμός τε κυβερνήται τ' ἴθυνον.

Page 22, line 4.

'Twill cheer your hearts and gladden every nerve.

Cf. Odyss. x. 175 :

ἀλλ' ἄγετ' ὄφρ' ἐν νηϊ θοῇ βρωσις τε πόσις τε,
μνησόμεθα βρώμης μῆδ' ἐτρυνώμεθα λιμῶ.

Thus again in Horace, Odes, b. i. Ode vii. 29 :

“O fortes, pejoraque passi

Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas :

Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.”

Page 24, line 7.

'Twixt long-drawn whiffs to tell.

There are many attempts in the Classics to embody the manner of an action in the peculiarities of the measure ; thus in Odyss. xi 598, —the line

αὐτίς· ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λαῶας ἀναιδής,

the successive bounds of the stone are depicted in the successive dactyls ; as also in Virg. Æn. i. 85 :

“Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus—”

is depicted in the same manner the sudden rush of the wind.

The author has attempted above, by a succession of spondaic and consonantal syllables, to describe the impediments to utterance occasioned by successive whiffs of the pipe.

Page 24, line 21.

All fixed their eyes intent upon the man.

Cf. Virg. *Æn.* ii. 1 :

“Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.”

POLAND.

Page 29, line 9.

As when, while silence stilled the curious crowd.

Cf. Hecuba, line 532 :

σιγαῖτ' Ἀχαιοὶ, σίγα πᾶς ἔστω λεώς·
σίγα, σιώπα· νήνεμον δ' ἔστησ' ὄχλον.

Page 29, line 19.

Each has expended for the general weal.

Cf. Demosth. Olynth. i. § 8 : ἀλλ', ἵν' οἱ ἄλλοι τύχωσι τῶν
δικαίων, τὰ ὑμέτερόν αὐτῶν ἀνηλίσκετε εἰσφέροντες, καὶ προε-
κινδυνεύετε στρατευόμενοι.

Page 31, line 15.

*A fiery rocket soaring to the sky,
It speaks Vienna's swift approaching doom.*

Cf. Virg. Georg. b. i. 487 :

“Non alias cælo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura, nec diri toties arsere cometæ.”

Page 33, line 2.

The aether breathed by living men.

Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 546 :

“Quem si fata virum servant ; si vescitur aura
Ætheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris.”

Page 33, line 6.

And strike her starry crown against the skies.

Cf. Hor. Odes, b. i. Ode i. 36 :

“Sublimi feriam sydera vertice.”

Page 33, line 17.

No more upon the golden Cherubim.

“C’est une belle figure lyrique ou épique à jeter dans le poëme des vieux mystères de la civilisation judaïque.”—LAMARTINE.
Voyages en Orient.

Page 33, line 18.

שכינה.

The ancient Jews considered the Sh' Chinah to be a person in the Trinity equivalent to the Son of God, as is apparent from the following mystical comment on Isa. xliii. 7.

כל הנקרא בשמי ולכבודי בראתי יצאתי אף עשיתי ולעילא
כמראה אדם דא שכינתא דאיהי כהיו דעמודא דאמצעיתא---
קב"ח ושכינתיה אתקרי אז אדם דאיהו עמודא דאמצעיתא.

“Every one that is called by my name: for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him.”

“In the above-mentioned [quotation from Ezek. i. 26], ‘The likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it,’ means the Sh' Chinah; for it is like the middle pillar. The holy and blessed one, with his Sh' Chinah, will then be called Man, for HE is the middle pillar.”

Again, in the preface to Aichah Rabthi, a Cabalistic book, fol. 54, col 1 :

אמר ר' יוהנן שלש שנים ומחצה עשתה השכינה יושבת על הר
זתים סבורה שמא ישראל יעשו תשובה.

“Rabbi Jochanan said, the Sh' Chinah was sitting three years and a half upon the Mount of Olives, thinking, peradventure, Israel may repent.”

Page 34, line 11.

Falsely accused and tortured all for gain, &c.

For an account of these atrocities, cf. "The Jews in Great Britain," by the Rev. M. Margoliouth.

Page 34, line 17.

'Twas Lithuania's realms received thee then.

Cf. the "Star of Jacob," No. iii. p. 91.

Page 36, line 10.

Leaves the translucent bosom of the wave.

Cf. Milton, Comus :

"Sabrina fair!

Listen, where thou art sitting,

Under the glassy, cool, *translucent* wave."

Page 40, line 12.

And only man seems to fade and die.

This alludes to the havoc made in the West Indies by the vomito prieto, or yellow fever.

Page 40, line 20.

And return when its odious meal is done,

To croak and to scream at the setting sun.

Cf. Horace, Odes, b. iii. Ode xxvii. 9 :

"Antequam stantes repetant paludes

Imbrium divina avis imminutum

Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo

Solis ab ortu."

Page 41, line 13.

She seeth her sons depart to skun calamity, &c.

This was written in the winter of 1846-47, when emigration was the only means left to the unfortunate, starving, and dying population, of escaping from the horrors so universally prevalent.

SATIRE I.

Page 55, line 21.

The third class springs from the old Dry Bone school.

Cf. Ezek. xxxvii. 2, 3.

Page 62, line 2.

Who boasts "The Temple of the Lord are we."

Cf. Jer. vii. 4.

Page 62, line 4.

Religion loves to weep another's woe, &c.

Cf. James, i. 27.

SATIRE II.

Page 64, line 5.

Yes! we must arm ourselves in triple brass.

Cf. Horace, Odes, b. i. Ode iii. 9:

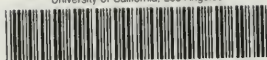
"Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat."

64507C
H

THE END.



University of California, Los Angeles



L 005 489 250 0

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 365 972 9

